PS
991
A2B5

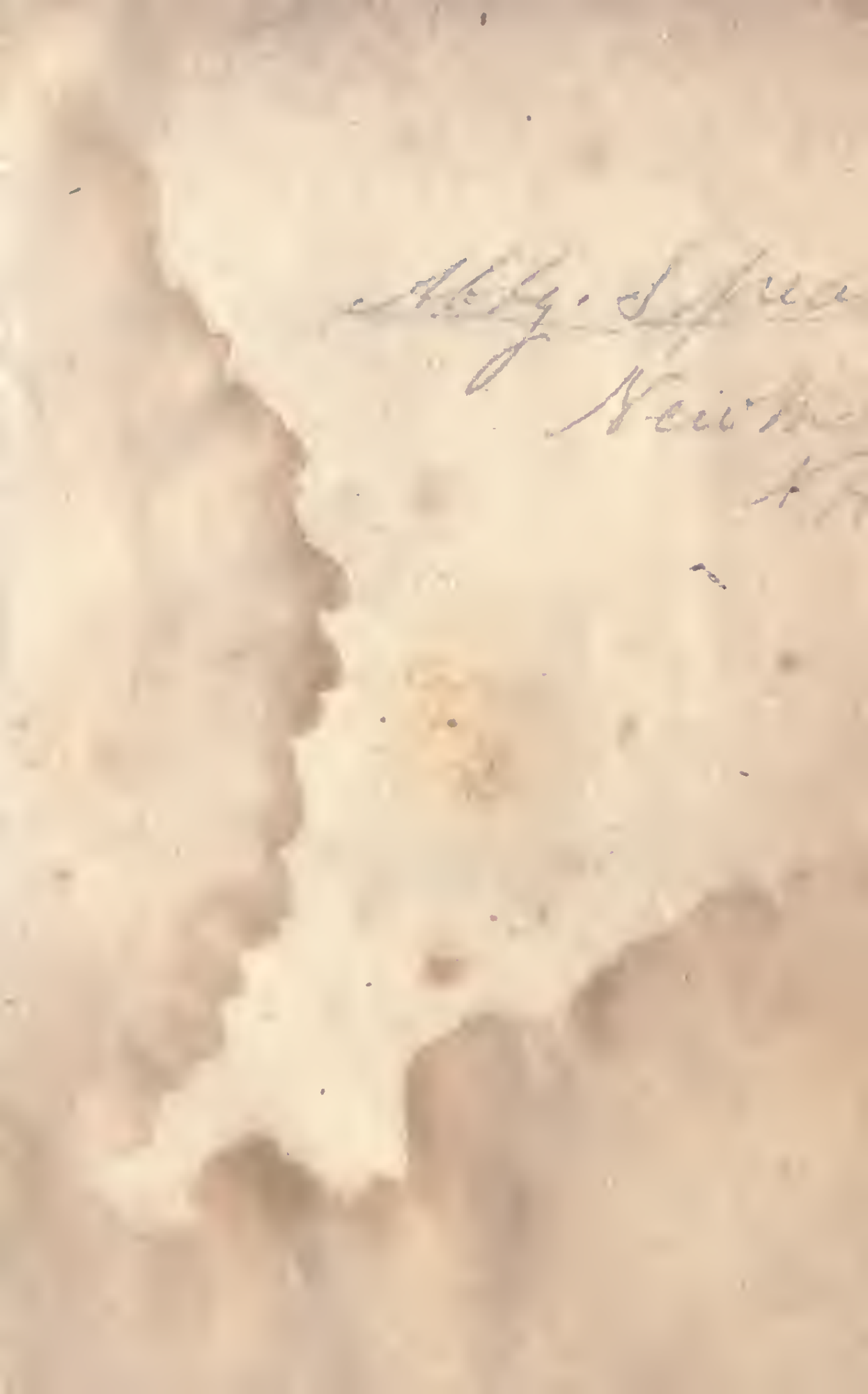
Carpenter and his Family.

By

Paul Laurence Dunbar

XV
12

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



THE

CARPENTER AND HIS FAMILY.

ALSO,

PRIDE SUBDUED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Black Velvet Bracelet," "Annette Warington," "Willson Avery," &c. &c.

BOSTON:
LIGHT AND HORTON.
1835.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,
BY LIGHT AND HORTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

PS
991
A2B5

THE

CARPENTER AND HIS FAMILY.

1617.15

THE CARPENTER AND HIS FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

PEEVISHNESS AND ILL HUMOR.

"Oh dear! I never shall get this long, *long* side hemmed. I *know* I shall not, as long as I live," exclaimed little Louisa, impatiently stretching out a sheet she had been listlessly holding, and on which she occasionally sewed a few stitches.

"And why not, my little sister?" replied a lovely girl who sat drawing at a small table on the right of Louisa, while another young pupil, diligently engaged with her needle, occupied a low seat on her left. "Why not, my little sister? Mary comes on rapidly with hers; and she had no more of it done than you had this morning: you began at the same time."

"Mary is *older* than I am, a great deal," said Louisa.

"You thought this difference 'very trifling' yesterday, I think, Louisa, when your aunt said she would give the orange tree in the pretty vase to the *oldest*, as she had not one for each. Now in *this* case, it really is not worth considering, since Mary learned to sew at the same time with yourself; not a month earlier, you know, on account of her previous ill health. Your difference of age, therefore, furnishes no excuse for your difference of progress."

"Well," said Louisa with an expostulating tone, "her needle does not trouble her so all the time, as mine does me. It is so rusty with the warmth of my hand, that I cannot push it through at all, scarcely;" and Louisa gave the unfortunate needle so passionate a thrust, as to break it in twain immediately.

"Have you no emery cushion, Louisa?" inquired Augusta. "Mary, I see, passes her needle through the emery cushion every time she threads it, and by that care prevents the trouble of which you complain. You were taught to do the same; why do you neglect it?"

"I had a cushion when school began," replied Louisa peevishly, "but it has got away somehow. I have looked all about this half hour for it, and I can't spend any more time about the silly thing. Beside, I have broken my needle now, and it will do no good."

Augusta sighed, and was about to speak; but before she could do so, Louisa prevented her.

"Then, beside, Mary's thread is not all the time breaking; mine keeps getting into knots, and then I am obliged to break it, and join on again, every minute almost; and Mary seems to sew right straight on, as easy"——

——"And yet, my little girl," said Augusta gently, "your sister's thread was wound from your own ball. It is your own listless, idle feelings—your fretful impatience, which thus obstructs your progress and causes you such continual difficulties."

"Well, any body would be impatient to be so troubled as I am," retorted Louisa;—"and only see now what a great long side it is;—there, I will just measure it," she

continued, seizing the yard-stick which lay upon the table, and in the movement throwing over a glass of water in which Augusta had dipped her brushes, spilling its contents quite over the sheet she was sewing.

"Why do you waste your time thus, Louisa?" said Augusta, drawing back hastily from the stream of water. "You make yourself, and every one around you, uncomfortable. Recollect, your mother told you that these sheets must be done, and well done, this morning, if you would ride with her after dinner. And though she was in great haste, she gave you no more than she knew you could perfectly well accomplish if you pleased. If the appointed portion is not done, therefore, by the time the carriage is at the door, you will assuredly remain at home; and I assure you, you will lose a great pleasure. This was your mother's express condition, with which you are well able to comply. You have chosen to waste one precious hour, during which Mary has accomplished a third of her work, by steady industry. Why will you not imitate this good spirit?"

Louisa did not answer, but still looked ill-tempered, and continued to measure the piece she had to sew.

"Louisa, my dear little girl, you will be very sorry for this naughty conduct presently," said Augusta kindly, "when the afternoon comes, and we go upon a pleasant excursion without you, and leave you quite alone. We shall all be sorry to think of you, working here by yourself, with a grieved heart condemning you all the while; and we are going upon such a"——

——"It is a great deal too long a piece!" interrupted Louisa, laying down the measure. "There!—there is two yards and so much over to do yet; and I know I cannot get it done. Besides, I have broken my needle now; and the work is all wet, too."

"I will give you a new bright needle, which is not the least rusty, my dear," said Augusta, smiling pleasantly to win back the good humor which seemed to have nearly forsaken the young bosom. "In the mean time, go to my washstand and bathe your warm hands. Find your emery cushion, and secure it properly at your side, and

then we will begin anew. Your work will soon dry."

During this dialogue, the little Mary had steadily pursued her work; her eye intent, and her slender fingers, though they could not move with the celerity she wished, yet by industrious employment had accumulated the fine stitches, until they already stretched over nearly half the appointed task, which still appeared so formidable to her impatient sister.

"I know I cannot do it, very well," murmured Louisa pettishly, as she slowly obeyed the directions of her sister.

"If you are *resolved* that you cannot, and will not even *try*, certainly that consequence is inevitable," said Augusta; "and I hope you are prepared for all others that will follow in the train."

"I don't care anything about riding," said Louisa, proudly brushing back the clustering curls from her flushed face, for her naughty temper was by no means subdued, even by the forgiving kindness of her gentle and patient sister. "Beside," she continued, "I don't see at all why mother

said that I should not go without this sheet was finished; as if I could not do it just as well to-morrow, and better too, a great deal; for then my work will be all fitted to begin with in the morning, and my hands will be cool; and I am sure my mother need not be in such a hurry for these particular sheets, (coarse things they are, too,) when she has a trunk quite full of nice fine ones—for I saw them myself yesterday, when she was turning them over for half an hour almost. But she has said the word, that they *must* be done to-day:—I am sure I do n't know for what."

"Have you finished your angry, disrespectful speech, Louisa?" said Augusta reprovingly. "It ought always to be a sufficient reason for you, that your mother has so ordered it; because you know, from experience of her goodness, that she never bids you do anything without an object, or without considering your ability to comply. But I will on this occasion, (as indeed I had intended long since, and should, but for the interruptions of your temper,)—I will explain her reasons fully; and I trust they

will make you blush for your presumptuous doubts of your mother's judgment, as well as for your own ill humor, for which I confess I feel truly grieved. I thought your angry temper would long since have yielded to forbearing kindness. I am greatly pained to find that you cherish the uncomfortable guest, and will not even *try* to subdue it."

Louisa blushed, but still retained the lowering brow, while the sweet smile which generally dimpled her happy mouth, appeared to have fled forever.

"But," continued Augusta, "at least attend to your work while I tell you the story,—for it is something of a story which I must relate. You can listen to it quite as attentively without laying down your sewing to look at me, you know; and, possibly, when I have concluded, you may rejoice in your progress, and need no more urging to industry."

Louisa took up her work tardily, and her sister began the promised recital without farther delay.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF MRS. OSBORN.

"Both of you well know the poor woman who, for the last year, has taken the washing of our family. She has several little children, the oldest of whom, a fine intelligent looking boy, is unhappily both deaf and dumb, and, of course, quite unable to take care of himself. The other two are under four years of age. Yet it has been almost exclusively by her own unceasing labor, that this family has been latterly supported—labor, which, you may easily suppose, must be greatly interrupted by the necessary attention to her little helpless children.

"Mr. Osborn, who is a carpenter, and an excellent, ingenious workman, might easily sustain his family above want, if not in competency, but for a miserable habit he has contracted of drinking immoderately, which drains away all the fruits of his industry, and must, I fear, ultimately leave

them destitute. Yet when he is sober, he is a kind and affectionate husband, and appears to love his children fondly. And when he keeps at home, he is generally steady; for he knows he has a good and faithful wife, who never reproaches him, and is attentive to all his wants, and so obliging and gentle, that his evil propensities seem to be restrained in her presence, by the power of her virtue. Sometimes, however, he gets employment for months in the neighboring towns, where good workmen are scarce; and then it is that bad example, frequent temptations, a weak head, and weaker principles, lead him soon into bad company, and evil indulgences. Poor, wicked man!"

As Augusta proceeded, and Louisa's attention was drawn from the magnitude of the task before her, and the various *hardships of industry*, she had sewed on easily, without trouble from the "rusting of her needle," or the "knotting of her thread." The work seemed at once to have become smooth and simple, the flush faded from her cheek, and the angry sparkle vanished

from her eye. She was no longer nourishing, by indulgence, the passions, which come so readily at the first bidding. Her sister observed with satisfaction the subsiding of these ungentle and uncomfortable feelings; but for a time she forbore to notice it to her.

"For the last few months," continued Augusta, "Mr. Osborn has been engaged with many others upon the new church at B——, which, you recollect, we were noticing in our drive through the town last week. His poor wife was cherishing strong hopes of better days, from the circumstance of his sending her once or twice a small portion of his earnings; but alas! the trials of this worthy woman have indeed been multiplied most dreadfully. The day before yesterday, your mother went to see her, as she has often done before, to carry her some work to do, and to inquire into her situation, and the wants which she might relieve. She found her overwhelmed with distress, weeping piteously, yet busying herself in setting her miserable little cabin in order, in the best manner she

could. Upon inquiring into her circumstances, your mother learned, that her husband, being at work upon the staging of the church, and probably not quite sober, had fallen from a considerable height and crushed himself most shockingly. He had been taken up alive, however, and it was supposed would linger sometime. This news was brought to the poor woman on the night previous to your mother's visit, with the additional intelligence, that his employers were sending him by the easiest conveyance to his family, and that he would probably reach them by Thursday night."

"This is Thursday—to-day is Thursday, sister," said Louisa.

"Yes, my dear, and this evening the poor mangled, suffering husband, whom she yet tenderly loves, notwithstanding his great fault, will probably reach his afflicted wife. Your mother found her weighed down, not only by this calamity, but from apprehending a host of bitter consequences. 'How am I to support them all?' said she in a burst of grief. 'How can I earn their bread, with these new cares upon my hands? and

yet I cannot—no, I *cannot* see my poor John suffer for attendance, and not give it to him. He must be made as comfortable as with such wounds he can be, while I yet have him with me. He was a kind, good husband to me, ma'am, when he knew what he was about; and I am sure he was doing better, and giving up his bad courses when this dreadful accident happened. But, Oh dear, dear!—I do n't know what I am to do, for I have not wherewith to make him up a *decent bed to die upon!*' exclaimed the poor woman, clasping her hands in the bitterness of her afflicted soul."

"Your dear mother," continued Augusta, "spake comfort to her, and promised that they should all be fed and taken care of until he was able to work as usual; and that her immediate wants should be attended to without delay; and she did not leave the poor woman until she had eased her heart of a heavy burden. Alas! as much remained as she could well endure.

"Since that hour, we have both been steadily engaged in making the necessary provision for the arrival of the sufferer; (for

truly Mrs. Osborn's house was destitute of every comfort or convenience.) In looking over the 'large trunk of bed linen,' Louisa, to select such things as were proper for the purpose, we found all much too large and delicate for such uses, and judged that some newer and stronger might be got in readiness, with the active assistance of our little girls, against the appointed time. After dinner, they must be conveyed, with the beds and bedding, to the house, that before night everything may be prepared. John cannot reach this place before five, at soonest.

"That her dear little girls, whom she wishes to associate in every pleasure she enjoys, more particularly in the pure delights of benevolence, might partake in this also, your kind mother has given you a part to perform, and promised you also the pleasure of riding with her, when it is accomplished. She intended to take the fruits of your industry with us in the carriage, rather than send them with the other articles, for a twofold reason:—first, that it gave you an hour longer to sew upon them,

and secondly, that you might have the pleasure of bestowing them yourselves.

"Now, I trust, my dear Louisa, you see a good cause for the present haste, even for 'these very *coarse* sheets,' and a sufficient reason why it will not do to postpone the finishing the work until 'to-morrow.' You must also perceive the propriety of your not accompanying us, if, from indolence, or ill temper, or any such improper cause, you have rendered it impossible to present your offering with ours. You see that some of us must finish what you leave incomplete; and your mother thought it would be too severe a punishment, even for your fault, great as it would be, to render you the mortified spectator of sufferings you could not relieve—of a charity of which you had debarred yourself from partaking. Are you now satisfied, my dear Louisa, that it is not 'a great deal better to leave the remainder of your work till to-morrow?' Are you convinced of your mother's good judgment, in determining that it *must be done* before you could accompany her, and that you—you alone, are wrong?"

As Augusta had proceeded in her recital of Mrs. Osborn's trouble, all Louisa's sympathies had been awakened, and her conscience had, from time to time, painfully reproved her. Her chin trembled, and the tear was ready to start from her full eye, as much from the conviction that she had been ill-tempered, and indolent, and unjust to her kind mother, at the very moment, too, when she was providing for her the greatest pleasure, as from the mournful details of human misery to which she had listened; and she felt truly mortified, humbled and unhappy.

CHAPTER III.

REPENTANCE AND AMENDMENT.

Long before Augusta had finished her account of Mrs. Osborn's misfortune, Louisa had resolved to redeem the time as far as that was possible; and, if it were yet in her power, by any exertions, to accomplish her neglected task. Her little fingers had long been exercised with unwonted zeal, as the only atonement left her; when therefore Augusta, laying down her pencil, and smiling affectionately upon the repentant girl, put these last queries, the streams burst from their full fountains unrestrained, and quick-coming sighs heaved her young bosom.

"If she had but *told* me!" she at last exclaimed, brushing away the troublesome tears—"I wish I had only *known* about it!"

"You knew your *duty* pefectly well, Louisa; and should you not have trusted your mother's goodness, without requiring to *know* all her motives, previous to obey-

ing her? Have you ever found her unreasonable, unjust, or unkind? Does she not always study your best good, and continually contribute to your happiness? It was however her intention in this case, that you should know all;—that you did *not*, is simply the effect of your own impatient temper. Last evening, when our plans were matured, and your dear mother gave this work into my hands, she said to me—'let them have this sewing as early as you can in the morning, Augusta; it is rather a long portion for them, but tell them, as they work, the *object* of their industry. It will render it a pleasant task, when they know it is to relieve the afflicted. And I am sure the recital of poor Mrs. Osborn's sufferings, her many hardships, will make them thank their heavenly Father more fervently, for his mercy to themselves."

"And then why didn't you tell us, Augusta?" interrupted Louisa, with quickness. "If you had only said one word about it"——

——"Louisa," replied Augusta, checking the reproachful inquiry, "I began several

times to tell you. I have tried vainly to hush your murmurings and settle you quietly to your work, that I might have a chance to communicate it. But you have constantly prevented me. Beside, I thought it right that some small degree of good humor should precede the promise of such a pleasure. I did not wish to *hire* your compliance, most certainly. Such was not your mother's intention; but merely to beguile the hours of steady and cheerful devotion to your duty."

Louisa saw clearly that it was herself, and herself alone, who must be blamed for all that was wrong; and she felt exceedingly sorry for her fault. She had a tender, affectionate heart, and it was deeply touched by the piteous story to which she had listened. It was a soothing, delightful thought that she was permitted to aid her mother in relieving such sufferings. And she now made her little slender fingers speed along with all possible despatch, in the faint hope of yet completing the neglected work in season. But time had been rapidly passing on, while her supineness

and indolence had been indulged. The portion of sewing now to be accomplished seemed truly to be more than could reasonably be expected of her best exertions; and her heart sunk—when Mary, jumping up gaily, exclaimed—"Here sister, I have finished it; and I am very glad too," she continued, stretching out her weary limbs, "for I am tired with sitting so long, and so still. My foot is quite asleep; I can scarcely stand upon it, it tingles so; and my fingers ache too. Shall I write now, Augusta?"

"No, my dear," replied her sister; "I shall omit that part of your exercise this morning. You may go now to your mother, and she will tell you what to do next."

Mary had folded up her work, put her thread, needle, thimble, and emery cushion carefully in the pocket of her useful little apron, and this again was deposited in her work-basket; and with light steps, and a lighter heart, she had reached the door, when she chanced to turn, and caught a glance of the sad and anxious countenance of her sister Louisa, her little hand eagerly pushing the needle, and trembling with

its haste. A tear falling upon the work at the same moment, quite subdued poor Mary's heart. Hastily closing the door, and returning to Augusta, she asked earnestly—"Sister, can't I begin toward the other end of Louisa's work, and help her?"

"That must not be, my dear little kind girl," replied Augusta, kissing her glowing cheek, "your mother has other duties for you; beside, your sister could not offer as her own contribution, the work which you had done, you know. She must herself perform the labor, if she would enjoy the reward of well-doing. She had the same allowance of time which you had; and that it was amply sufficient for the purpose, is proved by your having already accomplished it. There is yet a good hour to dinner, so that I have no doubt, if she employs it faithfully, Louisa will yet have the pleasure of going with us. Go now, my little girl. And do you cheer up, my dear Louisa, and rejoice that your better spirit returned before it was quite too late to hope for success; cheer up! you have advanced rapidly

and well the last hour, and I can almost venture to promise you victory."

Louisa looked up one moment from her work, and smiled gratefully for this kind encouragement. She began to feel better satisfied, and at peace with herself, as she listened to her sister's hopes; and she went on more confidently. And what will not a calm, resolute perseverance accomplish?—it seems almost to give additional moments to limited time; and the hours, like 'the widow's cruise of oil,' appear to lengthen as new demands are made upon them.

Before the period had elapsed which was allowed for the duty, Louisa saw with delight that she was drawing near the end; and just as dinner was announced, she put the finishing stitches to the work, with an exultation and joy she could scarcely express.

"Dear Augusta," said she eagerly—then casting down her eyes, (which had at first expressed only their emotion of exultation,) as the remembrance of her early misconduct flashed painfully across the brightness of her thoughts, and a feeling of humility tem-

pered her self-gratulation, she continued in a subdued voice—"Dear Augusta, have I made up for it?—have I repaired my fault now? I am sorry I have been such a naughty girl, Augusta; I am ashamed of my bad spirit; but I have done all I could since, and I have worked fast and well; and have finished my work too. Will you not kiss me now, sister—and say I am 'your good Louisa?'"

"Yes, my good Louisa, you have really done 'all you could,'—all any of us can do, after we have indulged improper feelings. You have deeply repented of your fault, turned resolutely from it, and persevered zealously in a right course,—and thus, as far as possible, repaired your error; and I freely, cordially, give you a heart-felt embrace. But remember, my dear Louisa, that though you have done all you could to repair your fault, you cannot undo the past; you cannot quite efface the evil effects of these indulged passions from your heart. For every new indulgence gives them additional power, and renders their complete mastery, and your future discipline more difficult, and

far more painful. Let this warn you to be careful henceforward, and never for one moment imagine that your faults leave an unimportant stain upon your character, because they have been speedily followed by repentance; though most certainly that is the best, the only way, indeed, in which you can prevent their becoming indelible and eternal."

"Go now, my dear Louisa; and do not forget after dinner to jump, and skip, and run, until you have faithfully exercised these wearied limbs, before you are called to seat yourself again in the carriage. This is now a duty. Your young frame requires considerable exercise. You have had none to-day, and a drive over our smooth level roads will not be sufficient."

Louisa promised obedience, and indeed was thankful for the liberty; being as yet little accustomed to such close application, for so long a period, and, like Mary, feeling its effects wearisome.

CHAPTER IV.

EXERCISES OF BENEVOLENCE, AND THEIR RESULTS.

Louisa went immediately to seek her mother and Mary in the room of the former, but met them on their way to the dining-room.

"Oh, Louisa," exclaimed Mary, "you don't know what I have been doing. I have been helping mother get things ready. But I forgot;—have you done it—the sheet, I mean?"

"Yes, only think—all that long piece since you left off; and Augusta said it was well done too. I did not have to pick out one stitch. I am very glad; and so are you too, dear Mary, I know."

"I am sure I am glad, Louisa; and I wanted Augusta to let me help you, but she said I must not, because *my* doing it would not be *your* doing it, you know; and beside, my mother wanted me for another thing."

"I heard you ask her, Mary; and I thank you, you dear girl," replied Louisa,

putting her arm around her sister, and skipping toward the dining-room. "But what else have you been doing, Mary—anything for Mrs. Osborn?"

"Why, I will tell you all about it, Louisa. As soon as I went to mother's room, don't you think, she told me to go with her to my drawer, and there she made me take out all my clothes—every one of them, (my every-day clothes I mean,) and try them on, or hold them up before me, so that she could see what I had outgrown; and so every one which was in the least too short, or too small, or faded, or worn—everything that I could spare—she told me to lay away with my sheet, to carry this afternoon to the poor woman's children. And after dinner you are going to do just the same thing. She said that between us, we must find enough for them at present, and that this should be *our* present, *our own* gift, since we must do with so much the less, at least for some time. And I am sure I am willing to."

"But there is the poor deaf and dumb boy," said Louisa. "You know Augusta

told us there was a deaf and dumb boy, Mary; our clothes will not do for him. I hope that brother Alfred left some of his at home, when he went to school."

"You need not be afraid," replied Mary, "for you know mother never forgets. She had put by a large bundle, and she has been mending and altering them to fit, all day yesterday, almost—she told me so; and there are rolls and rolls of old linen, and bottles of wine, and boxes of sugar, and tea, and rice, and coffee, and lots of things, put into Cæsar's little hand-cart, for him to carry; and he has already set off with them; for you know old Cæsar does not walk so fast as we do. Oh, what do you think he said to Miss Joslin just now, Louisa? it made her laugh so she could scarcely tell me about it, for I could not understand. He said—'Misus go up tip top ob hebben when she die, for Misus no *lip* christian.' How droll Cæsar does talk."

"What did he mean by that, Mary?" replied Louisa. "I don't see anything to laugh at. I don't understand what he means;—do you?"

"No, indeed, I did not, Louisa, until Miss Joslin told me, or, as she called it, 'translated it into English.' She said he intended to say, that mistress (mother, you know) would have a high reward in heaven when she died, because she not only professed with her lips to be a christian, but did constantly the good works of one. This is the way Miss Joslin explained it—her very words—or I should never have found out what it was to be '*tip top ob hebben.*' But poor old Cæsar! he does not know any better. Mother said he never studied grammar, and the things we study, when he was little, as we have. But never mind Cæsar now, for here is the dinner come; and I am hungry enough, I'm sure."

The light hearted little prattlers were glad to seat themselves at the ample board; and their spirits received additional zest, when they heard their mother order the fragments of their favorite dishes to be decently collected, and in readiness to be taken with them in the carriage to Mrs. Osborn.

It was a charming afternoon in May when the party stepped into the carriage, intent

upon the proposed expedition, in which all felt the most lively interest. The air was fragrant, and the early vegetation spread a vivid and beautiful green over the lap of nature. The carolling of the happy birds, to which even threescore and ten scarcely becomes insensible, sent an indefinable thrill of joy through the young hearts which were now whirling along through shaded roads, over hill, through valley, on their errand of mercy. There was a buoyant principle within, aiding this hilarity of fresh animal spirits in the spring-time of nature and of life, which made every object a subject of delight. It was the reward of virtuous self-conquest to one young bosom, which, like the dew of the morning, rises but to fall again at eventide, refreshing anew the earth from which it was exhaled.

The aged servant had just arrived, though despatched a full hour before them, when the party reached the humble dwelling; and no time was to be lost in making all things ready before the arrival of the sufferer.

The tears of Mrs. Osborn's oppressed heart fell anew, when she saw that God had

indeed raised up friends so powerful and so unwearied, in her dark hour of affliction, at the moment when she felt that all, save her God alone, had failed her. They were tears of gratitude, mingled however with apprehensions and fears most bitter, for her miserable husband.

"Oh, I dread—I fear his arrival, ma'am," said she, almost gasping for breath. "What am I to see and suffer! How can I ever look upon his mangled, disfigured features!"

"Put your trust in God, Sarah, and he will give you strength equal to your trials. He will not leave nor forsake you while you are faithful to your duties. Brace up your heart for the worst, or it will faint when your hour comes. But this can only be done by strengthening your faith in God, my good Sarah, and not in imagining horrors which you may never be called upon to endure. Perhaps the accounts which have reached you have been exaggerated, and the case will not prove so bad as has been represented. And even should it be, your best relief and preparation will be procured by making every possible provision

for his comfort. Employment at present is the best thing for you, Sarah—and we will to work speedily; therefore let us see where we can make up his bed, and dispose of all these affairs."

Having prepared the bed for the expected sufferer, they proceeded to find accommodations, and arrange all the little refreshments, dainties and necessaries, the 'oil and wine,' which the kind forethought of true benevolence had provided, in the best manner that the humble and inconvenient dwelling would permit.

"Well, how comfortable things look now for the poor creature," exclaimed Mrs. Osborn, wiping her tears with the corner of her apron while she spoke; for they would not cease to flow, though she busied herself most actively and earnestly. "I did not expect, I'm sure, to have such a nice bed to offer him. And how could I? I knew not where or who to look to for assistance; for you, ma'am, do so much and so constantly for me, that I could not bear to bring all these new wants to your door. And it does

seem as if God had sent you to me at that very moment."

"He is always near us, Sarah, (as we find when we seek his presence,) to alleviate our sufferings, or heighten our joys. And now let us attend to these little ones," continued Mrs. Morrison. "Bring us some soap and water, and give them a wholesome washing first of all, for the poor things have been but little cared for these few days past, I suspect. You could think but upon one subject."

This being over, when Mary and Louisa brought forth their store, and saw the happy children dressed comfortably in clean garments, which they bestowed with generous alacrity, their bosoms bounded with the purest joy that old or young may ever experience this side heaven,—the delight of relieving the wants of virtuous and innocent poverty, of soothing the afflicted and the suffering.

"So many of us will only perplex you when John arrives," said Mrs. Morrison, as they concluded this last work of charity;

"and I had best depart with the children. I shall leave Cæsar at the door without, to assist you, and to bring me tidings how John is. And you will let me know by him if anything more is wanted, which we may have forgotten. Fail not to send me word. These little girls will make you a change of bed linen in the course of a few days, and others will be provided in season. Meantime I shall see you daily. Keep up a trusting spirit, Sarah, and hope for brighter days."

Sarah could only answer by looks of gratitude. Her heart was too full for utterance, when she saw the merciful and kind friend about to depart; and a free indulgence of tears was necessary to relieve it, when they had actually left her alone with her sorrows.

CHAPTER V.

GOOD COUNSEL, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The little girls were allowed to chatter to their hearts' content, during the remainder of their ride. Their heads were full of the various details of the interesting scene they had witnessed—the anxious and affectionate fears of Mrs. Osborn, and the pleasant and happy faces of the children, and their innocent observations, when cleanly dressed in the garments furnished from their own store. The air of comfort which the little apartment exhibited when they left it, compared to its very desolate appearance when they first entered it, were each in turn the subject of comment; and then all thoughts seemed to centre upon the sufferer himself, and conjectures respecting the state in which he would appear before his affectionate family.

They were permitted to remain up half an hour beyond the usual time, this evening, that they might hear Cæsar's report.

He was long upon the way, for he numbered many years, and was feeble from their accumulated burthen. He came at last, however, and brought the glad confirmation of Mrs. Morrison's most favorable predictions. Sarah had expected to see the crushed and mangled body of her husband, insensible and hopelessly disabled. She sent joyfully her message that "John was not near as bad as she expected. His face was not altered, except from the anguish of his wounds, which was greatly increased by the motion. He had his senses perfectly, knew her, and thanked her gratefully for all the comforts around him, and for his kind reception. His chief injuries were internal; but even these, the doctor had given her encouragement, might be healed in time, by careful attention, provided the effects of intemperance upon the system did not prevent the cure;—and these habits," said the poor wife, "have only been a short time indulged, and I cannot think have much affected him yet. His constitution was once a very good one, and, poor man! if it stands this shock, I feel now sure he

will leave off all his bad ways; for there never was a truer penitent than John is. It would make your kind heart ache to hear his sighs and self-reproaches; and then he seems so humble, and patient, and grateful for every mercy." Sarah had been well and religiously brought up, in the family of a country clergyman, and her moral sensibilities had been sadly violated by the irregularities of her husband's late life. She had tenderly loved him, and the least prospect of reformation was hailed by her with the joy of a christian, as well as that of an affectionate wife.

Mary and Louisa were unwearied through the following week, and faithfully employed their time, that by their industry, they might farther contribute to the relief of a family become so interesting to them; and had almost daily the satisfaction of seeing or hearing of some alleviation their labors had produced, or at least, had assisted.

John had been sadly wounded, and it was long before he showed any signs of radical amendment, and still longer before he could be persuaded that there was the

slightest chance of recovery. The circumstance of having received the injury probably in consequence of partial intoxication, weighed painfully upon his conscience, and added mental anguish to his bodily sufferings. He felt that the calamity which had thus prostrated him was a just and merited punishment—a punishment wilfully brought upon his own head by his repeated transgressions; and he was deeply humbled by the conviction. But that his sin should thus involve a most affectionate and faithful wife in distress, and throw his helpless family upon the precarious charity of the world, without which they must all perish for want, was a reflection which agonized his mind, and appeared to him, now that he was entirely prostrated, in all its enormity, and greatly retarded his recovery. His wife tried to soothe and to comfort him; but the greater her kindness, and the fonder the innocent caresses of his children, the sharper were the stings of remorse; the bitter and continual expression of which added severely to all the burthen of distress thus brought upon his family.

Mrs. Osborn found herself quite inadequate to meet the new demand upon her fortitude; she could minister to his corporeal necessities, with unwearied fidelity; she could sympathize and suffer with him, but was unprepared with arguments to meet the sudden rush of contrition which had distracted, and now seemed to be settling in one dark cloud of gloom upon his mind. She besought Mrs. Morrison still farther to befriend her, and add to her numberless acts of kindness, that of endeavoring to reconcile poor John to himself; for she knew he could never get well, while his heart was so oppressed.

"You can talk to him, ma'am, as I cannot possibly; and indeed, he will not hear to me. If I speak kindly and encouraging, it seems to make him feel worse; and when I beg him to forget the past, and only try to get well, he tells me that 'he *must* not forget—that he ought to think of his sins forever while he lives, and mourn for them continually;' and then I do not know what to answer him at all; for certainly I do not wish him to forget the dreadful warning,

so as to return to his bad ways again; but yet it is a miserable life to me, to see him take on so, all the time, and groan so piteously, for what has past, and can't be undone now. John has read his Bible through and through, ma'am, in his young days, and often answers me by a text, when I am trying to pacify him, and puzzles me more and more. Will you just look in upon him a little, when you have leisure, and talk to him a while? I think he will hear to you—for I am sure I cannot live so, and I do n't know what to do at all."

"I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Morrison, "that our excellent pastor is absent at this time; he is better calculated than any one I know, to assist you in this difficulty."

"John would hear to reason better from you, ma'am," replied Sarah; "it is so long since he has gone regularly to church, and one thing and another, he do n't seem to like to see the minister now, and won't be persuaded. He says 'he can't help him any.' "

Mrs. Morrison did not shrink from this most painful and difficult exercise of christian charity. She seated herself daily for hours at the bedside of the miserable penitent, listened to all his self-upbraidings and self-accusations, his gloomy predictions and trembling fears, and with the blessed light drawn from the promises of the gospel, sought to relieve him; and while she confirmed his penitence, by enlightening his conscience, and giving him clearer views of the nature of genuine contrition, she bade him be of good cheer. She convinced him that the truly humble and contrite heart will not be despised by the Father of mercies; but that such repentance was proved only by the entire forsaking of our evil ways, and turning resolutely to those which were good, and not by noisy self-reproaches, and a continual and gloomy brooding upon past transgressions, which unfits us for present usefulness; that if he had reflected upon his devious course, and the heinousness of his offences, so seriously and effectually, as to be humble and contrite, in spirit and in truth, and fully re-

solved wherein he had done wrong, to do so no more forever; if he devoutly sought aid and strength from God to keep his good resolutions, and sustain his present chastisement with a meek and patient mind, he had then derived all possible advantages from a review of the past,—and farther to goad his heart, and retard his recovery—to add distresses innumerable to those already heaped on his afflicted wife, by complaints and lamentations—was adding to his misdeeds, and by no means lessened his guilt; that he must now look to the future, with cheering hopes of usefulness, and a humble but heartfelt determination, with Almighty aid, to repair the evils his misconduct and example had brought upon his family and upon society, and to the present, that he might be patient and enduring—thus alleviating, as far as possible, by his cheerful suffering, the anxious solicitude of his excellent wife.

After many of these interviews, and with watchful care, meeting all the alarms of his conscience, and all the wants of his heart, with such counsel as the religion of the

gospel alone can furnish, John's mind seemed to expand to a better apprehension of his present duty, and a more definite understanding of the nature of true repentance, and to comprehend more clearly the requisitions and commands of God. He became more patient, more gentle, and pleasant-tempered, pleased and satisfied with all his wife did for him, kind and affectionate to his children. He now formed plans for their future comfort, should his life be spared and his strength restored, which his constant industry and devotedness might well supply, and looked humbly and devoutly to God for a blessing on his resolves.

"What an altered man my poor John is since his trouble!" exclaimed Mrs. Osborn to Augusta some weeks after this period, "since your dear good mother talked so often with him, and you have read to him your good books and 'devotional exercises.' It is a pleasure to wait upon him now. Oh, surely this affliction has been sanctified to me."

CHAPTER VI.

BRINGING GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

But though daily improving, John had been so severely wounded in body and in spirit, that his restoration was very gradual. And he soon found with bitter anguish, that he was forever disabled from prosecuting as formerly, his laborious business; he could enter upon no important contracts, for he could not calculate on a days reprieve from sufferings; his season of health and strength was forever gone by! they had been wasted and abused; and now, when he would, as he thought, truly prize and improve the blessing, it had been withdrawn forever! The internal injuries he had sustained—and, as he could not but remember, in consequence of his sinful indulgences—now forever cut him off from steady, active exertion. This was indeed a fearful trial, and the conviction came to him loaded anew with remorse and unavailing regret. His family was never so

dear to him, as at this moment, when he thought himself incapacitated for supporting them, and feared he must either hang a burthen upon them, or seek shelter in the asylum provided for the poor and miserable. These were dark hours, but it pleased God to "lift up the light of his countenance upon him," and John became calm and patient, under his burthens.

After many months, during which she was enabled, by the kindness of Mrs. Morrison, to devote the whole of her time and attention to the relief and comfort of her husband, Mrs. Osborn found him so far recovered, that she was once more at liberty to work for their support. Employment was immediately furnished for her industrious and profitable labors. The charitable hearts which had so far befriended, did not now forsake her. Punctual and ample remuneration followed her daily exertions. The poor deaf and dumb boy was, by the efforts of the charitable, at length placed in the merciful establishment founded for the relief of these unfortunate beings. The little girls were sent to school,

and books and sewing provided for their early instruction.

Our young friends, Mary and Louisa, had the delightful privilege, under their kind sister's superintendence, of altering and making for them decent and comfortable clothing.

Such is the effect of good habits, and an earnest desire to be useful, that at the very moment when John thought himself becoming a helpless burthen upon his family, he, in fact, contributed more effectually to their support, than even in his days of strength, and vigor of constitution. Much of his power, as he felt, was really withdrawn; but he used, without abusing, what remained, with scrupulous economy, and it was blessed. He could not go out to work, it is true, or engage in labors abroad at all. This, however, had its advantages; it saved him from many temptations. And the kindness of Mrs. Morrison, at a trifling expense, fitted up a little work-shop adjoining his bedroom, and added to his scanty stock of tools, such as were deficient, to-

gether with a supply of material for immediate use. Every assistance was rendered him which his circumstances required, to stimulate and reward his laudable exertions; for the wealthy neighbors, prompted by the example of Mrs. Morrison, were not backward in these offices of charity. Here, in a small, but lucrative way, the poor invalid employed every hour of strength and health remaining to him. He was a neat and ingenious workman, and soon found patronage and employment. When weary, he retired for a season to his adjoining bedroom, for rest and refreshment, and to gather new strength for the future. Spirits and peace of mind came with an upright and useful life; and John tasted more pure happiness, in the affections of a grateful wife, and the emotions of conscious rectitude, than had ever gladdened him in his wayward course. When unable to work, he often (as Sarah said) had "a kind eye" to the children, and kept them from harm, while she went abroad to labor—a liberty she had not had before since she was married.

Their united industry soon produced its unfailing reward, while the delight, which John's steady and affectionate conduct gave to his rejoicing wife, seemed to bestow upon her new strength and energy for all emergencies.

"I should think, sister," said Louisa to Augusta, as she once more sat beside her drawing table, at her appointed work—"I should think the Osborns were a great deal happier for having trouble. How much more lively and cheerful they always look now, than they used to. I should think he liked to be sick, and that his wife liked to have him so too; and yet, she seemed to be sad and sorrowful enough that first day, when Mary and I saw her; but how much nicer and neater she keeps her house now, everything looks comfortable, and they have more furniture in their room now than they had that day, the day poor John was brought home."

"You are right in part, my dear," replied Augusta, "but you do not exactly understand the case, or clearly express yourself. The Osborns are certainly not happier for

'being in trouble,' but they have become so, from a right improvement of trouble. They smarted bitterly under their afflictions, but they have 'brought good out of evil,' by meeting them like christians. Mrs. Osborn feels all that a good and fond wife can feel, for the sufferings of her husband, but she sees that it has been the means of reforming and improving him, and probably saving him from the vastly greater misery, which a sinful life always accumulates in this world, and will surely endure through that which is to come. She sees him patient, cheerful and happy, from the same cause, and not from the remembrance that he is now almost a helpless cripple; but he is humbled and repentant, and has forsaken his evil courses, which were a constant sting to his conscience, and rendered him sour, ill-tempered, and miserable. He blesses the fatherly love, which by present punishment has withdrawn him from sin, and saved him from his worst enemy, himself. He is happy now, in well doing, and in devoting all his remaining energies to the support of his deserving family.

This state of his mind and conduct, amply compensates his good wife for the trials they have both endured. Their united industry has spread comfort around their habitation, and conscious rectitude illumines the face with smiles, and sheds sunshine through the heart. In this way, they are 'happier for their troubles;' and in this sense, all troubles may be rendered blessings to us. Your own character, my dear Louisa, has been much brighter, since the clouds of that same day to which you refer. The little troubles which you brought upon yourself, by your faulty temper, your indolence and misconduct, have proved a useful lesson, though your young heart felt for a time almost bursting from its self-upbraiding. You repented truly, and I may say reformed,—at least, I date your great improvement from these dark hours, since which, I rejoice to say, I have not once seen the least indulgence of those improper feelings. I have noticed, on the contrary, with what care you have kept your affairs in order, and the industry and attention with which you pursue your appointed

task; and I see too, that it is the recollection of that day, and its timely warning, which constantly rises to your mind, and continues its wholesome influences."

"Well, sister, so it is," replied Louisa; "for somehow I never can sit down on this low seat, and begin my sewing, without thinking all about that, and how badly I felt; and then I say to myself, 'Louisa, now take care this time;' and if I feel a little lazy, and begin to fancy that mother has given me too much work—that soon drives away such wrong thoughts, when I remember how very, very sorry I felt;—so, Augusta, though a little girl, I am learning 'to bring good out of evil,' too, as you say the Osborns have."

"Continue thus to pursue your good course, my love," said Augusta, "and the sun of peace will never cease to shine upon you, however misfortunes may gather round your path."

The calamities of life, though they increase in magnitude, as we advance from infancy, admit of one and the same amelioration, and are alike capable of producing

good or bitter fruits, as they are received, sustained, and improved. Some hidden purposes of mercy are ever shrouded beneath the miseries which seem even to threaten the soul with an overwhelming flood. A firm conviction of this truth, and an earnest endeavor to co-operate in the designs of an overruling providence, in producing the ultimate good intended, is the duty which alone can lighten our burthens, or restore our peace.

The kind Augusta lost no opportunity of enforcing this impression, by frequent and affectionate illustrations, drawn from daily occurences immediately within their sphere of observation, if not intimately connected with themselves, until the full power of these important truths were engrafted upon the tender plants she reared, and from the discipline of the school-room, taught them to "bring good out of evil," on the broad theatre of life.

PRIDE SUBDUED.

PRIDE SUBDUED.

"Well, my children, what shall be our recreations for the evening?" said Mr. Russel to his assembled family, when the tea equipage had been removed. "I am well content that you should select for yourselves, provided you are harmonious in your choice."

"Oh, dear father," exclaimed the youngest girl, "I should like to play a game of"——

——"Stop, stop, Mary," said her brother James, "let me ask father; I am the oldest. Father, will you be so good as"——

——"Remember," interrupted Mr. Russel, "if you are not all agreed, we shall seek enjoyment in vain. Cross purposes will

never produce happiness. One discordant instrument destroys the harmony of a whole band; and, in like manner, one discontented spirit will disturb the peace of our entire party. Let us have unanimity. Go on, James, you shall be spokesman. What do you propose for our evening's employment?"

"Why, if the girls will like it," said James, "I know at once what I should prefer. But I am so afraid"——

——"Speak out, Jemmy," said Susan, "why do you fear we shall object? I am sure I shall be satisfied with whatever you choose."

"I was only afraid that you and Mary could not walk so far," said James. "I was going to vote for a walk to the Park, and one of my father's entertaining stories, such as he used to tell us last winter."

"Yes, indeed; that is the very best thing you could propose," exclaimed both the little girls in a breath.

"I am sure the walk is not very long," said James; "at least not too long, when we shall be so much interested. Should not you like it, Emily?"

"Exceedingly well," replied his sister.

"As it respects the walk, my son, you have selected wisely. You all require exercise after the confinement of school; and I can myself scarcely be comfortable without it. The second proposition would be subject to some objections, were it not for the stipulation for unanimity, on which I insisted; for really, I hardly know whence I am to draw materials for new recitals; I have quite exhausted my fund—or at least I have given you all the cream of my adventures. You must be content if I re-skim, and furnish what is neither new nor rich."

"Uncle John would say, that was but a milk and water promise, however," said James, laughing at his own poor pun. "But if you will only talk, dear father, I for one will not complain. And now shall we be going?"

"A little patience, my son; your mother is not yet here: as she is the main-spring of our enjoyments, you know, we cannot get on at all without her. But here she comes, and all equipped, I see."

"Yes, quite ready now, my children, and I regret to have kept you waiting. But I did not like to leave your little brother, until he had fallen to sleep. And indeed he looked so smiling and lovely, so rosy and well, in his quiet slumbers, I shall be all the happier for waiting."

While these preliminaries were in progress, bonnets and shawls were arranged, and the family proceeded on their excursion. It was a bright and refreshing evening, after a warm autumnal day. The sun had set in glory, and the beautiful heavens were still glowing with his parting rays. The foliage of the groves scarcely fluttered in the dying breeze. And the hum of insects, joyous in their brief existence, instead of disturbing, only gave effect to the peaceful stillness—the impressive silence of the hour.

"What a lovely night!—and how happy I feel!" exclaimed the light-hearted Susan, looking up and around her, with admiration. Silence again followed this burst of youthful enthusiasm.

"There is indeed a truth and sublimity in the voice of nature, that speaks most powerfully to the heart. Even the frolicsome spirit of childhood pauses to listen to its music. Was it not for the fear of being sentimental, my dear Willson," she continued, smiling, "I should say the heavens at this moment presented a beautiful illustration of my morning and evening of life. Here is the rich glow of coloring—the young imaginings—the varied beauties in which the future was always portrayed. Through such a gilded vista of the clustering clouds, however dense they might be, a bright and beautiful perspective was traced, in soft but celestial light. All this was anticipation, gorgeous, glowing, indescribable! But behold on this side, there is fruition! A scene as pure and holy, as the spirit which presides over and has ordered my destiny! The soft, placid moon is rising in majesty upon the clear blue vault of heaven, serene and cloudless as my present happiness! Reality—fruition, has merged every aspiration in peaceful, sweet contentment. The gaudy coloring of a too ardent

imagination is chastened, subdued, mellowed, but not lost by time—less dazzling, but not a whit less full, deep and perfect."

"A little spice of romantic, my dear Louisa; a shade of sentimentality in the analogy you have traced," replied Mr. Russel. "But it is so soothing to my vanity—nay, so gratifying to my heart, that I cannot be very severe upon it, or suspect one tittle of its truth. How can I indeed, since your illustration is drawn from high heaven itself."

"Ah, Willy, I thought I should not come off without a slight rub, to bring me down from the clouds. But now that I have by your assistance safely alighted upon earth, let me remind you of these younklings, to whom you gave a promise."

"I have not forgotten them or my promise, Louisa. But there is so much to delight and satisfy the heart in the scene before us, and there already appears such a fulness of satisfaction in contemplating it, that I am thinking they will all agree to the proposition I am about to make them. What say you, my children? Should you

not willingly exchange the short story to which time would limit me here, for a longer and much more entertaining tale, which I can read to you on our return?"

"I like a long story best, father, certainly," answered the ready James, "but then I should a thousand times rather have one of your own, taken from some of your own voyages, than to hear any of those old story books. I cannot say I care much for them."

"My story book is not necessarily an 'old one,' Jemmy, and you cannot precisely tell how you would like my selection. I brought this volume from Boston, on my last return, and have reserved it for some occasion like the present. Nevertheless, if you are all so minded, I will fulfil our first plan, and relate to you whatever anecdotes I can collect from my experience. I must be brief, however, for the damps are gathering fast, and we have some distance to walk."

"Well, then," replied James, "I give my voice for the new book. What say you, girls? Is it a vote?"

"Oh, the long story for me. If we take the short one here, what shall we do with all the evening, after our return?"

"You judge wisely, my little Sue," said Mrs. Russel; "I like this provident forecast, and I doubt not it will be well rewarded. Your father never selects a book for your entertainment, without a careful examination of its merits. I anticipate, therefore, a satisfactory termination of our evening."

Our little party soon found it necessary to retrace their steps. The evening still continued bright and charming, but the falling dews warned them that lovely as was the scene around, sickness and suffering might result from a longer exposure to its influence.

"How very much Mr. Seymore's house is lighted up to-night," said Emily, as they approached a stately and fashionable edifice, brilliantly illuminated. "And how many coaches are drawn up before it! Look! the door is open, and there are the servants, in their beautiful new livery,

showing in the company. Do you see, James?"

"How grand the Seymores are," exclaimed the youngest girl. "I wish you kept a carriage, and livery servants, and such things, father. I saw little Sarah riding all alone by herself, in their chariot, yesterday, with the footman up behind, all trimmed with scarlet and gold. Her mother always sends the coach to bring her from school, whenever there is the least drop of rain. I wish I was Sarah Seymore, I know. I should be proud enough."

"You would soon wish yourself Mary Russel again, my dear, if you could try the exchange, I suspect," replied her father. "I assure you, wealth does not confer happiness, however gaudy its trappings. And if it would make you 'proud,' my dear child, it would certainly remove you widely from it. Pride is as great an enemy to contentment as it is to virtue. You daily pray 'to be delivered from temptation,' and you should, at the same time, bless your heavenly Father for having spared you those to which this little girl is exposed. All

this splendor and luxury is a temptation to her young and inexperienced mind. For myself," he continued, "I cannot well imagine how enjoyment can be increased by shutting out the glories of this bright and beautiful night—the mild, soft air, and this wide expanse of heaven—to be pent up in close-crowded rooms, glaring with stifling lamps. The gratification of a paltry pride must, I think, be dearly purchased by the sacrifice, even were it, when attained, a satisfying acquisition."

"But, dear father, they must be lighted up, when they see company," observed James. "And they are obliged to have constant parties, living in the style they do, and having so many acquaintances. Tom Seymore told me that strangers come almost every day with letters to his father, and you know he must invite them."

"Yes, my son, and this very necessity involves one of the penalties of his wealth and station. The luxury of retirement, quiet and rest, seem absolutely to be denied him. And the poorest man in his employment does not labor more unceas-

ingly in his vocation than does this man of millions. The highest luxury that the rational mind can enjoy, that of time for thought and intellectual recreation, the placid, sweet, undisturbed indulgence of reflections to which such a walk as this, on such a night, naturally gives rise, he can indeed rarely enjoy. Hurry, bustle, fashion, etiquette, splendor, and incessant company and visiting, fill every moment which business leaves unoccupied. To my fancy, such a life is as far removed from happiness as the daily hard toil of poverty can be. And the only counterpoise for all this sacrifice is, the gratification of a puerile pride—a pride which, to say the best of it, is a stumbling block in the path of virtue."

"I am sure Ann Seymore appears happy enough," said Emily; "she has everything in the world she can desire. I met her the other day in a jeweller's store, and she was purchasing the most splendid set of opal ornaments I ever beheld; and laying down bill after bill, with as much unconcern as if they were not of a pin's value.

I do not doubt she buys everything that strikes her fancy, cost what it may."

"Do not be deceived, my dear girl," replied Mr. Russel. None of these things confer happiness, or even contentment, which, I do assure you, no gold can purchase—no treasure procure, but that of a mind and heart well regulated, well controlled, and a humble spirit, at peace with itself and its Creator. You cannot see, Emily, and therefore cannot judge, any heart but your own. You cannot know what secret, unimagined pangs may make all this seeming good a canker to the soul. Happiness being the product of a subdued, a humble, a devout mind, is as much within your power of attainment, as it is in that of the greatest potentate on earth—nay, more so, in proportion as your temptations are fewer."

Emily made no reply to her father, for she yielded no assent to his assertions. Her understanding did not gainsay one word, but her feelings were all in rebellion against them. She felt convinced that she should

be happy, if she had an unlimited purse, and the power of making the brilliant display she had so often envied in others. She very well knew that her father's property would warrant his living in a style much more consonant to her taste, and she did not estimate aright the purity of his motives, for that which he had adopted. She was often goaded by the airs of superiority displayed by Miss Ann Seymore, and a foolish pride was rankling in her heart, when comparing the gorgeousness of the whole establishment of her new friends with the chaste and primitive simplicity of their own.

Mr. Russel was not sorry for the opportunity thus afforded him, of discussing this subject in presence of his children, dazzled as they naturally were, by the rich display made by the fashionable strangers recently established in their neighborhood. Emily's observations had favorably introduced it, and he thankfully followed up the advantage, amplifying, and throwing in such remarks as he thought might favorably affect their minds. It was particularly in refer-

ence to his eldest daughter, just now upon the threshold of life, and peculiarly exposed to the pernicious influence of fashionable follies, that he had selected the volume to which he had alluded, having found a story exceedingly applicable to her case, and calculated, as he thought, powerfully to affect a heart naturally affectionate and kind.

The lamps were lighted, the work produced, chairs drawn around the table, and the little expectant circle, with bright countenances and suppressed breath, waited impatiently the promised treat, when a strong pull at the door bell announced visiters.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate?" exclaimed Susan.

"O dear! how unlucky we are! I do wish they had not come, just to spoil all our evening," said Mary.

"It is always so!" added James moodily —"every pleasure snatched away."

But how rarely do we pronounce wisely or justly, upon the good or ill fortune, (as it is called,) of the daily events of God's providence! We know little indeed, what will be the effect upon our state and con-

dition, of any occurrence which crosses our path; yet we pronounce with unrighteous boldness upon all;—not children alone, but those of a larger growth, are too apt to be guilty of this criminal want of filial trust, and speak with confident bitterness upon the "very unfortunate, unlucky accidents" which have thwarted their calculations, or interrupted their plans. Alas! we may well exclaim, with one who mourned this human frailty, "O ye of little faith!" Why will we not learn to confide, and believe that whatever is ordered by the wisest, the best, the tenderest of guardians, will ever be for us "the most fortunate," the most "lucky" events? To learn to *wait* is a difficult lesson.

The visiters proved to be a gentleman and lady, recently returned from abroad, after four years absence, during which they had viewed all the wonders of the old world, explored, analyzed, and laid up treasures from abundant fountains; and they entertained—almost entranced their young auditors, by their details, anecdotes, adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes." And

when, after a long evening, they at last departed, each one declared "that they never in their whole lives had had such a treat! —so delightful an evening!"

"O, how glad I am that they came!"

"We little thought how we were to be entertained, when they rang the bell."

"When do you think they will come again, mother?—What a charming woman she is!"

"I do not believe any of your printed stories could be half so interesting—half so amusing, as these they have told us. I do enjoy such things."

"Only to think of their crossing the Alps, too!"

"Yes;—and what a funny time they had when they left Rome!"

"Ah! but the Carnival frolics were the best joke, after all."

Such were the exclamations of the animated little group, on review of their evening's delights.

"Charming as all these things are, my dear children, and impressive as the lesson may be, which you derive from this inter-

ruption of our evening's plans, it is now too late to talk more of them to-night. You must go to bed, and dream, if you can, about all these enchanting details. I have letters to write, which can no longer be delayed. I am very glad you have so much enjoyed your evening, and to-morrow we will again discuss its various topics. Good night to you all."

The little ones well knew there was no appeal from this sentence; and though they would willingly have sat asking questions and making comments, until midnight, and were quite sure they were not the least sleepy, they hesitated not to imprint the parting kiss upon the offered cheek of their beloved parent, and to prepare for rest.

Desirous of fulfilling every promise, given or implied, and to employ every means of enlarging and improving the minds of his children, Mr. Russel, on the following evening, renewed with them their favorite walk, and delighted their young hearts with long and spirited details of his adventures abroad; and having, as he hoped, produced a state of feeling favorable to the

moral impression he desired should be made, he fulfilled their earnest wishes, by reading, on their return, the appropriate story selected for the preceding evening's amusement, and which was so unceremoniously interrupted by their visiters.

The careful parents had watched with anxiety every dawning fault in the minds of their children, and hoped, by following the excellent rule of giving "line upon line, and precept upon precept," gently to remove every shadow which tarnished the purity of that foundation on which the important superstructure of character should be raised. But radical defects are not speedily rooted out; and the emotions of aristocratic pride, just putting forth its incipient indications in the heart of their oldest, much loved daughter, required patient labor, and much thoughtfulness, to eradicate. Parental affection, however, never falters; and every opportunity was eagerly embraced, to effect the important object they had so much at heart.

Mrs. Russel was possessed of some facts relative to the Seymore family, the recital

of which she did not doubt would greatly lessen their influence upon Emily's mind, and reduce the effect produced by the proud display of affluence and luxury in which they indulged, and lessen the importance all are too much disposed to attach to wealth and fashion. But the pure and guileless heart, filled with charity and good will, revolts to present the faults of a fellow being to public scrutiny, or to remove the veil which conceals their moral deformity, even to produce a beneficial result. Mrs. Russel shrunk from the ungracious task, and reserved her communications for a last resort, when circumstances should call more imperiously for them. She was not permitted a long reprieve. A more serious display of Emily's besetting sin, soon induced the unpleasant recital. The pain of this duty, however, was ameliorated by the necessity it involved, of painting the virtues and high-minded character of a beloved friend, accompanied with incidents she had hitherto felt bound to conceal.

"Emily, will you walk with me this morning?" she said to her daughter, a few

days after the conversation just detailed—"I have some shopping, and some few calls to make, and the weather is remarkably fine."

"I wish we could ride, mother," replied Emily; I cannot say I much like walking about, making calls. They say it is very ungenteel; and I am sure *I* think so."

"*They* say! Emily;—pray who are *they*, that settle this matter so promptly?"

"Why, everybody, mother, that knows anything about fashion. I heard the Seymores laugh heartily, the other day, about some ones 'trudging' along through the dirty streets—without a servant, too—ringing themselves at their neighbor's doors! It certainly does seem vulgar enough, and I cannot imagine why we do not keep a carriage. I am sure father might do so very well, if he pleased. But, however, I will go with you, mother, if you will please to wait for me a moment, while I just put on my new hat, and smooth the folds of my pelerine a little. Shall you call at Mrs. Turner's and Mrs. Fearon's, mother? You are owing them calls, I believe."

"Yes, my dear, and on Mrs. Mott."

"O, dear! I hope you are not going to see that little mean looking Mrs. Mott! I really hate to be seen going there. I do not believe anybody visits her beside you."

Mrs. Russel looked exceedingly pained by this exhibition of her daughter's mind. But for the present, she forebore entering upon a subject she deemed so seriously important, until there was an opportunity fully to discuss it. She therefore made no reply to these remarks.

"I really wish my gloves fitted a little better than they do," pursued the discontented girl, while she gave a finishing pull to her white kids, as she followed her patient mother into the street. "I never saw such great unsightly sacks as they are. Ann Seymore was an hour picking out gloves, last Wednesday, at Palmer's—full an hour—measuring and trying, bundle after bundle, to get a good nice fit. I do not believe she would wear a pair that had a single wrinkle in them; and only to see these things!"

"Ah, my dear daughter," sighed Mrs. Russel, "I am sorry to find you giving consequence to trifles so utterly unimportant. Your mind is becoming strangely bewildered of late, by the mere fripperies of fashion. I scarcely know you, my child, under these new influences."

Just at this moment, a decent, but apparently an obscure, middle-aged female passed them, upon the opposite side. Mrs. Russel bowed and spoke to her with pointed politeness, and much cordiality. Emily, meanwhile, adroitly glided behind her mother, but colored deeply. Soon as they had passed, she exclaimed with energy—

"Mother! I wonder why you will always bow to that disagreeable old Mrs. Allison. You gave her one of your most polite and graceful bows, just now; and there was Mrs. Seymore and her daughters passing, in their elegant new carriage, at the very moment. They looked directly at us, too! and Ann smiled so contemptuously, and turned up her nose, and curled her lip with such an air of disdain, to see you noticing such low folks! Even the

footman sneered impudently. I did feel mortified!"

"The footman's sneer was much more excusable than your mortification, Emily, for he is an ignorant man, and has probably been but little instructed in his moral duties, either by the precept or example of his employers. But from you, my child, I had hoped better things; and your whole conversation, this morning, developes feelings so very reprehensible, that I scarcely know in what manner to reply to them, and am wholly unable to express the pain you have caused me."

"I am sorry, mother; I did not intend to distress you, by my remarks."

"But tell me, if you can, Emily, why I should not bow politely to Mrs. Allison. What objection have you to her? What do you know against her?"

"Why, nothing very particular, mother, only she is so old-fashioned, and poor, and vulgar; and looks so formal, everybody laughs at her."

"*Everybody!* Emily! are you sure that everybody laughs at her? said Mrs. Russel.

"I mean all the girls, mother; and Mrs. Seymore and Ann always laugh, she looks so vulgar, in her old black bonnet."

"Poverty is not vulgarity, my dear Emily. And if it were, let me ask you, Is Mrs. Allison guilty of having brought it upon herself? Do you know of any improper conduct by which she has become degraded and poor?"

"Indeed I do not know what has made her poor, dear mother. No, I do not suppose she could avoid it. It is not probable."

"Then surely she cannot be less respectable, less estimable, for being so, or in any degree 'ridiculous,' or 'vulgar,' on that account. Nor are we, Emily, one whit more worthy, or more respectable, for having abundance; since, like Mrs. Allison, we have done nothing to bring ourselves into the situations we occupy in society. It is the allotment of Providence, which has appointed to each our place and our duties—surrounding us with every comfort, and throwing the shades of obscurity over the humble lot of the excellent Mrs. Allison; and in both cases, by circumstances over

which we had no control. I pray God I may be as faithful in my vocation as she has ever been in hers. And now, let me ask you again, Emily, why we should think ourselves more deserving, or my friend less so, on account of this accidental difference of situation."

"Really, I do not know why we should, mother; but the Seymores laughed so much to see you bowing and smiling so very graciously, and so familiarly, too, to such a mean looking, vulgar old body."

"Emily! must I repeat to you again that poverty is *not* vulgarity?—that it is ignorance and vice alone, which can render any one vulgar? And from these, none are farther removed than Mrs. Allison. Her education, her acquirements, her moral culture, are far above my own, and immeasurably above those of Mrs. Seymore, whose laugh of derision seems so much to have alarmed your pride; for your 'everybody,' I see, after all, means no more than Mrs. Seymore and her daughters. I have seen, my child, with much regret, this foolish pride gaining strength in your heart, and the un-

due importance you attach to wealth and station. Believe me, they are entitled to your respect, only so far as they are employed for the benefit of our fellow creatures. You should not suffer yourself to be mortified when your conscience does not accuse you of anything wrong. You should not stand in so much awe of wealth, as to permit it to make you blush for anything not in itself blamable. In this case, it has caused you to be extremely unjust."

"Dear mother, how have I been unjust?"

"When we allow ourselves to condemn from appearances only, we are always in danger of being unjust, my child. You have established it in your mind, as a fact indisputable, that Mrs. Allison is, (to use your own inelegant expression,) 'a vulgar old body,' unworthy of notice, because she appears to be poor and friendless, and wears a dress somewhat worn and antiquated. And again, upon no better foundation, you have concluded that Mrs. Seymore must be very respectable; and have granted her, in consequence, a very pernicious influence

over your mind, merely because her attire is more expensive, her equipage and style of living more rich and fashionable than usual. In all this, you are unjust and illiberal. Now I happen to be well informed respecting the history of both these individuals, Emily, and at a more favorable opportunity, I will relate some of the most prominent circumstances of their lives, that I may effectually prove to you that poverty and vulgarity are not necessarily connected, and to impress strongly upon your mind the impropriety of judging so hastily as you are disposed to do."

"O do! do! mother, tell me all about it. I wish exceedingly to know about the Seymores, and how they became so very rich. And I wish more, to understand why it is you always look so stately and serious, when you meet them: it is so strange, so unusual, for you to assume a haughty manner—you are always so pleasant to every one else, even to that Mrs. Allison, who, after all, does seem to me vulgar and disagreeable, and I do dislike her exceedingly, notwithstanding you say

she is not so; and indeed, I should absolutely think you loved the woman."

"Most certainly I do love her! And if this foolish pride has not quite corrupted your heart, and overpowered the good principles you once possessed, you, Emily, will love her too, when this mist of prejudice is removed, like a film from your eyes, and when, like myself, you see beneath that faded garb, an elegant, refined mind, and a heart filled with benevolence and affectionate feeling. You shall tell me in the end, which of these women is the most honorable acquaintance."

"Ah, mother," said Emily, smiling, "I shall not hesitate long upon that subject, most certainly. To be sure, Mrs. Seymore must be the most honorable acquaintance. Beside, she may be good, I suppose, though she is rich."

"Yes, my daughter, but not *because* she is rich; that is all I ask you to believe, until you know something more of her claims upon your regard. But here we are at Mrs. Fearon's, and we must postpone further discussion on this subject until our return."

The whole morning was consumed in the various visits, shopping, &c., which had called them out. It was late, therefore, before Mrs. Russel and Emily found themselves again at home; when they immediately separated to prepare for dinner; and it was not until they returned to the drawing-room in the afternoon, that any opportunity occurred for the promised recital. Neither the one, or the other, however, had lost sight of the subject. The mother hoped, by a plain relation of facts, (which delicacy had hitherto confined within her own bosom,) to make a powerful attack upon those offensive prejudices which seemed to be fixing themselves upon the heart of her daughter. She well knew that there was a counteracting principle strong within her, if it could be seasonably excited to action; and she doubted not, a timely appeal to her better feelings, would strengthen her effectually against the evil influences to which she was exposed.

Emily, on her part, felt her curiosity actively excited to learn the basis of her mother's strong impressions towards these

two individuals. She could not well imagine any reasons, sufficiently powerful, for the repugnance she manifested to the increasing intimacy of a family so genteel, and moving in the highest circles of fashion, so splendid in their establishment, and all the paraphernalia of high ton; so sought—so courted by all. Nor could she perceive any better grounds for her wonderful partiality for an old woman so singularly uninviting, so antiquated, so insignificant, and so obscure, as Mrs. Allison still appeared to her. When, therefore, the children had been recalled to the nursery, and she found herself quietly seated at her embroidery, beside her mother in the drawing-room, she failed not to resume the subject, by inquiring of her "how long she had known Mrs. Allison."

"From early youth, my dear Emily. Before I had attained your years, she was my chosen, my bosom friend; and though circumstances have induced her to retire from society, and to seek a seclusion which I dare not invade, she has never ceased to be very dear to me."

"The father of Mrs. Allison was a man of the finest talents, and irreproachable character. He was some years governor of the state of ——, where he lived until within the last ten years. His property was scarcely sufficient for his wants in the station he filled, and at his death, he left nothing but his high and unspotted reputation, as a legacy to this his only child. He had given to her, however, every advantage of education, and well did she repay the indulgence; for her improvement in mind and heart was constant and rapid. She was amiable, lovely, and accomplished. Her benevolence was almost proverbial. No one was sick or afflicted, for miles around her father's dwelling, to whom she did not appear as a ministering angel, to soothe, comfort and relieve. When"——

——"What! Mrs. Allison, mother?" exclaimed Emily, whose astonishment could no longer be repressed.

"Wait patiently, until I have finished, my dear; do not interrupt me, and your curiosity shall be fully satisfied. When she married Mr. Allison, all was smiling,

and bright, and joyous in the prospect before her. Wealth, honor, character, and love the most devoted, were united to spread around her the fairest promise of happiness, as lasting as it was pure. Alas! it was a promise never to be realized! It glittered but for a moment, like the gay fancies of a morning's dream, and then was lost in the deepest realities of sorrow!

"At the time of this marriage, your uncle, Charles Clinton, (who was a near neighbor of her father's, and had been known to her from his youth,) was but a poor captain of a vessel, in the employ of a selfish and sordid merchant—without fortune, and without any efficient commercial friends to aid his upward course. Good, honest, upright, and with as noble a soul as ever man was blest with, he was yet struggling and toiling almost hopelessly against his adverse destiny. Fortune unrelentingly frowned upon all his fairest exertions. I was then, my dear Emily, a portionless orphan, and dependent upon the love and protection of this dear and estimable brother. My friend no sooner be-

came the betrothed of a wealthy man, than she sought to interest him in our fate. It was his delight to aid her active benevolence. He gave your uncle immediate, constant, and lucrative employment, and threw such facilities and advantages in his way, as he could never otherwise have commanded, and, in fact, laid the broad foundation of that affluence which we now enjoy. Your uncle's lamented death, as you well know, put me in possession of his ample fortune.

"Mr. Allison was an English gentleman, of the first respectability in character, rank and fortune. His father, unhappily, entered into large and dangerous speculations, which, within four years after the marriage of his son, had a most disastrous issue. He became unexpectedly a bankrupt; and such was the connection between them, that the son was overwhelmed in the ruin of the father.

"Never shall I forget the noble conduct of my dear friend, at this trying period. With habits of munificence like hers, these reverses must have been appalling. She had

collected a band of pensionaries around her, who depended almost exclusively upon her for employment, and consequently, for their daily bread. She had opened so many avenues by which her bounty flowed in refreshing streams to gladden desolate hearts, and spread comfort around dark and cheerless hearths, that it would seem as if misery must follow the closing up of those fountains of mercy, which had reached and blessed them. But her activity arrested the anticipated evil. Her exertions were unwearied. She made known to her wealthy and powerful friends, the capabilities of one, the faithfulness and industry of another, the merit and helplessness of a third, the goodness and devotion of all. She assailed the compassion of one heart, the self-interest of another, and the better principles of both; and in fact, ceased not her efforts, until she had procured new guardians and protectors, for all whom she deemed deserving assistance.

At home, she was not less energetic, in sustaining her poor husband under this prostrating calamity. She was an example

worthy of all imitation; cheerful, resigned, uncomplaining, and full of hope and love. She continued to throw sunshine in upon his heart, notwithstanding the thick darkness which enveloped his prospects. Well did he know her worth, and fully did he reciprocate her affection; but their reverses compelled them to part; and even this she bore, without a murmur at the hard necessity.

"Leaving this young and lovely wife with her aged parent, whom she could not forsake in her advanced age and increasing infirmities, Mr. Allison immediately sailed for Europe, that he might ascertain if anything could possibly be saved from the general ruin, or the best method of averting its worst consequences.

"When, after a boisterous passage, they neared the coast of England, they encountered a tremendous gale; the ship was wrecked, and *every soul perished!*"

"Oh, horror!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Emily; "what did his wife do?"

"My heart bleeds at the recollection of her awful sufferings at that distressing

period," continued Mrs. Russel. "The stroke was almost annihilating, and I feared she would sink under it; but her religion was steadfast, and it sustained her. She had treasured it in her prosperity, and it did not fail her now that her dark hour had come. Its promises and its hopes shed a radiance which penetrated even this deep gloom, and brought peace and resignation to her soul. Her conduct was that of a meek and humble christian, whose faith in the goodness, and wisdom, and mercy of the great Almighty Ruler of our destiny, was fixed and immovable, but her earthly hopes were buried in the grave of her departed friend.

"When a little recovered from the first overpowering shock, Mrs. Allison employed her many accomplishments to gain a reputable support. Her father's long infirmities had completely drained his early resources. Till time and suffering had enfeebled her constitution, however, she was always able to make a respectable appearance; but as her means declined, her hollow-hearted friends, who had bowed to her wealth and

enjoyed its splendor, dropped away, one after another. They had basked fondly in the sunshine of her prosperity, but they shrunk timidly and coldly away when the gloom of night enshrouded her fortunes. They thought perhaps, with you, Emily, that she had become '*vulgar!*' "

"O don't, don't say so, mother!" exclaimed the repentant girl.

"Her retirement from society," continued Mrs. Russel, "became a thing of course. At present, she is able to do little, from the extreme delicacy of her health; nevertheless, she prefers relying upon her own exertions, her own scanty resources, to making known the extent of her necessities to the relations of her husband, who, it is said, are again in affluent circumstances. But tell me, my daughter, is such a woman to blush for her poverty? Are we to pass by her in silence, with averted looks, fearing to recognize her, because some of our more opulent and fashionable acquaintance happen to be near at the time, and may smile in derision?"

"No! no indeed, mother," replied Emily, eagerly, "it would be cruel and ungrateful,

and wicked to do so. I am sure I feel truly ashamed to think I indulged such proud thoughts for a moment; but it was seeing Ann Seymore, and her mother too, look and laugh so contemptuously. Ann made up such a queer face, when she saw your very polite bow—I wish you could have seen it—and gave her head such a toss; and then I did not know all these things, you remember, mother."

"No, my dear; you judged without knowing, and from appearances," said her mother impressively.

Emily blushed deeply, when her mother made this reply, for she recollected that it was for hasty judgment, as well as for wicked pride, that she had been corrected. After a short pause, however, she asked modestly, "if she would not tell her about the Seymores, as she had promised."

"I shall tell of their course with much less pleasure, my child," resumed Mrs. Russel; "and were it not to impress a most useful and important lesson upon your mind, which I regret to say you greatly require, I would much prefer to leave their history

unrelated. It is painful to speak of those whom we cannot and ought not to commend.

"Mr. Seymore's father was an honest and respectable shoemaker at the north end of Boston——

——"A *shoemaker!* mother," exclaimed Emily, starting with surprise.

"Yes, my dear, a shoemaker; but that of itself is nothing in his disfavor, if, as I said, he was an honest and a worthy man. See, again you are about to pass judgment and condemn a person as 'vulgar,' because his station is humble."

"No, mother, not because his station is humble; but it seems so very surprising, that the rich Mr. Seymore's father should have been a shoemaker! of all things."

"Not at all, my dear; in our young country, few of us can look back many generations, without encountering some such circumstance to mortify our family pride. When our forefathers sought these shores, they made prodigious sacrifices for the indulgence of their religious freedom. Few of their descendants, under such circumstances

as the early history of our country presents, but were obliged to have recourse to some mechanical labor for the support of their families, or the establishment of the younger branches. But if you interrupt me thus, I shall not have time to relate to you all I intended. The son of this shoemaker, then, the present Mr. Seymore, as soon as he was old enough, was placed upon his father's bench to learn the same trade, and was often employed in carrying shoes to a neighbor's house to be bound. This woman, who gained a livelihood by washing, binding shoes, and sundry similar employments, had a daughter, who was literally brought up in the street, where I have often seen her, in my frequent visits to Boston, carrying about little twists of molasses candy, to sell to the children of the neighborhood. She was consequently extremely illiterate, coarse and bold in her manners, and in all respects truly 'vulgar;' for nature had given her a cunning and malignant temper. She was nevertheless exceedingly pretty, both in face and figure, so much so, that poor Jacob became quite charmed, in their frequent meet-

ings, and resolved that as soon as he could 'compass the cash,' he would marry the girl. He was now very urgent with his father to release him from the shop, and permit him to go to sea. As consent could not be obtained, he ran away, and became a sailor without it.

"At first he sailed as cabin boy; but he was an active, shrewd lad, and after a few years, was promoted. In process of time, becoming an experienced seaman, he deemed himself able to begin the world with his pretty wife. He married Dolly Beckford, and continued to follow the sea for some years. It was in one of his trips to Havana, that he became acquainted with the crew of a Guinea ship about to sail from that place. The seducing offers which were made him, induced Jacob to connect himself with the nefarious band, and in the profitable but abominable traffic, his wealth increased with rapidity. He found himself, after some years, the entire owner of a valuable ship, which he continued to employ in this wretched business; and indeed, it is supposed, (with but too much reason for

suspicion,) that he is even now in league with a company at Havana, who every season fit out many valuable ships from that place for the Guinea trade. In this way his fortunes rose with almost unexampled celerity; for when we scruple not at the means, whether they be good or whether they be evil, there is little difficulty in amassing a fortune. He did so, by the sighs and groans, the lashes and anguish, the bitter miseries of these helpless and suffering slaves; and every dollar, could it find a tongue, would tell of the agonies by which it has been obtained."

"Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed Emily; "how dreadful!"

"Wealth," continued Mrs. Russel, "has thus poured in upon them. His Dolly, whose beauty is really brilliant enough to grace a better heart, became a fine lady; they removed from their obscure lodgings, and at last thought it fitting to quit altogether the scene of their early adventures, and the vicinity of poor relations. They came to New York, and entered upon the expensive establishment in which you now

see them, surrounded with extravagance and splendor. For this, as their wealth, it is supposed, is very great, they may perhaps be forgiven; but to leave her poor old widowed mother in such absolute indigence as she has, and to deny her all the respect and affection which a daughter owes a parent; to be insensible to all those strong obligations which no circumstances can cancel,—this, this is not to be excused; and it is for this heartless conduct—this narrowness of mind—this real vulgarity of character, that I turn from her with the loathing and disgust you have noticed, and not in any degree from the accident of her low origin and early poverty. And now tell me, my daughter, are they worthy to excite that glow of pride which tinged your cheek, when they bowed to you, from their gilded vehicle? Are they deserving that blush of shame which flashed even to your eyes, when you saw them smile contemptuously at our recognition of Mrs. Allison, as she took her humble walk by the wayside, alone and in silence, bent, I would dare assert, on some errand of mercy, carrying

consolation to some sufferer, whose wounded heart she would soothe, whose sorrows she would assuage, whose ignorance she would enlighten, or whose faith she would confirm and strengthen. With a mind filled with a godlike benevolence, she devotes a portion of her scanty pittance to those whose wants are greater than her own; and with scarcely enough for the necessities of nature, she yet contrives to perform more acts of charity, to hush more sighs, and dry more tears, than any other individual I have ever known. Such, however, is her unobtrusive excellence, so secret her deeds of beneficence, that they seem to fall like the dew of heaven on the parched earth, in the silence and stillness of night, refreshing while unobserved. Few, very few, besides the recipients of her bounty, have any knowledge of its exercise, and even those can scarcely trace the channel by which mercy reaches them, though they bless the source. Indeed, my dear daughter, knowing Mrs. Allison as I do, I can never look upon her subdued and humble figure, contemplate her chastened spirit and expanded benevolence of soul, without feeling

myself refreshed and purified by the observation of such truly christian virtues."

Emily sat for some time without speaking. A tear trembled on the long lash of her dark eye, and her lip quivered with emotion, when she broke the pause which followed the last words of her excellent mother.

"I have been wrong, very wrong," at length she said. "Had you told me a thousand times, that I was 'proud,' 'unjust,' and 'hasty in my judgment,' my dear mother, I could not have felt it to be so really true, as I now do, after hearing these stories. I should not have *seen* how foolishly I was influenced by the glare of fashion and wealth: but you do not know how much attention these Seymores have paid me; how much they have praised and flattered me; and how many ways they have tried to make me admire them; and how much they have talked about George, and extolled his beauty, air and manners; and I do so love to hear my dear brother admired. But I see now, that I was growing vain, and proud, and silly, and wrong, every way."

"No, no, my dear, not 'every way;' you are now unjust to yourself; your better feelings were weakened, to be sure, but not destroyed. Your good sense was obscured. You saw things through a false medium, for you were dazzled, though not blinded; you see your fault, and I trust it is not quite too late to overcome it; but you must be watchful in the moment of temptation. Vanity and pride are powerful enemies to contend with; and flattery, my child, is a weapon often used with fearful success."

"You are so good and, kind, my dearest mother," said Emily, smiling through her tears, "that I should be the worst girl in the world, I'm sure, if I did not endeavor to correct my faults; and as to that good Mrs. Allison, I do hope I shall never appear disrespectful to her again, if the Seymores laugh directly in my face; and yet I think it is unpleasant enough too, such scornful looks as they give."

"It is not pleasant, my daughter, certainly; it is a temptation; but recollect that you would wound one of the purest and best of hearts, render yourself guilty in your own

eyes, and above all, offend your heavenly Father, if, after so much warning and so much instruction, you should fear to do right, least you should excite the ridicule of these fashionable ladies."

It was, however, many months after this, before Emily again saw Mrs. Allison. The wealth and splendor of the Seymores, whose origin and characters were little understood by their associates, had opened for them an intercourse with the most respectable and fashionable society. The beauty of the ladies, together with a facility and quickness in catching the manners and etiquette of those with whom they mingled, had thrown an air of seeming gentility around them, which was accepted by many, in the place of real good breeding. Emily constantly met them in every fashionable circle; and such were the attentions, such the court paid them, and so numerous the gratifications which she enjoyed through the medium of their acquaintance, that the conversation she had held with her mother about them, and the feelings it had produced, had been gradually effaced from her

mind. She saw them admired, and sought for; and forgot to consider their real claims upon her regard. No circumstance had occurred to draw from them an exhibition of that low pride, the unfailing indication of a vulgar mind, which she had witnessed with regard to Mrs. Allison. Emily, too, soon forgot that they were not good as well as rich, wise as well as fashionable.

It happened one fine evening, that she was returning from a walk on the Battery, with a number of the most fashionable of her acquaintance, among whom were the beautiful Seymores, when Ann, suddenly bursting into a rude laugh, and pointing with her pretty taper finger, glittering with diamonds, before her, said most sarcastically—"Look! look! Miss Russel, there comes your interesting friend, the lady of the party-colored bonnet. Oh, what a figure it is!" she added contemptuously: "I think she must be one of Noah's family, recently from the ark of safety. Do look at that dress! positively made in the year one; great scarcity of silk, I'm thinking, that same year; two breadths of three-quarters width, perhaps.

Do you behold the dame, Lawson?—if you could but obtain the article for your collection of curiosities—but come, Miss Russel, prepare your best bow, for this specimen of the fashions before the flood."

Emily, at the commencement of this speech, and the view of Mrs. Allison's rusty and primitive appearance, contrasted with the gay party beside her, felt a burning blush of shame and mortification flush her cheek. She even began with indignation to expostulate, and exculpate herself from the charge of being the "friend" of such a person;—but turning to look haughtily at the ill-bred speaker, she saw along with the exultation which was in her eye, the same expression of contempt—the upturned nose, and the mouth drawn down, which was stamped upon her countenance the day she had passed them as they were bowing to Mrs. Allison. All the feelings, all the circumstances of that period, all the subsequent conversation with her mother, returned like a flash of lightning to her memory—all that she had heard of the two characters, her repentant tears, her virtuous resolves, her mother's

admonitions, and her own humble promises. There was a momentary struggle with her unworthy pride, but it was subdued; and she replied with a firm voice—"I am not ashamed to own that I am her friend; she is as good as she is poor, Miss Seymore," and she was ready, as Mrs. Allison passed by her, to bow with marked respect. To her surprise, Mrs. Allison addressed her, though with evident reluctance, least she should inflict mortification.

"Forgive the intrusion, Miss Russel, but will you have the goodness to tell me where I may find your mother? I have very pressing need of her advice and assistance for a suffering friend," she added in a low tone. "I am quite sure of obtaining both if I can but make my wants known. I have been already to your house, but she is not there."

"I will go for her this moment," said Emily. "I think she is at my aunt Mercer's, and I am certain she will thankfully assist you if she can."

"Do not let me take you from your party, my dear," said Mrs. Allison. "I will go myself for your mother."

"I will accompany you, then, if you please," replied Emily, with a warmth and sweetness which conquering virtue always inspires. "I too may be useful."

Emily heard the tittering, and the sarcasms of the fashionable party before her; they had passed on, and still lingered for her. But the struggle was over, the victory obtained; and indignation now aided her virtuous resolution, particularly as she saw, by the varying countenance of Mrs. Allison, that she was in no degree insensible to the indecency of their conduct, or ignorant of its cause; but as Emily offered her arm to the old lady, she looked in the face of the lovely girl, with an expression of benignity, gratitude and admiration, so pure and holy, that it reached the soul of Emily. This was for her one of those moments of unmingled delight, which our heavenly Father bestows as the sweetest reward and strengthener of virtue, after a successful conflict within.

"Think not, my sweet girl," at length she said, "that a victory like this you have just achieved passes unobserved by that

great Being who searches the heart. You look inquiringly, and would ask, how I can know your secret conflicts; but believe me, observation, experience, and, I would add, suffering, makes us clear-sighted in these things; they enable us to read the countenance, and look into the heart, when the young think that all is concealed. Your friends, however, have not usually, they have not now, made their remarks in a *whisper;* their voices came loud upon the wind, and reached me, before I knew from whom they came; it was not a new or uncommon sound to my ears. I saw on approaching, the blush upon your cheek, and the momentary hesitation you felt. I caught your answer, and I see your victory! God has strengthened you to subdue the rising pride, and will reward the effort. For you, I rejoice;—such a conquest over the frailties of our nature, brings in a rich harvest of virtues; but for myself, it is long since I have learned, though not without suffering, to look upon such scoffs only with commiseration. The arrows fall pointless, when we keep the eye steadily directed to

that infinite Being, who, though he permit the trials, is ever ready to strengthen us to meet them."

They now reached the residence of Mrs. Mercer, where Emily found her mother.

A beaming glance from her maternal eye, as it turned rapidly from one to the other, showed Emily that all was understood by her watchful parent. The necessities of the case in hand, were soon made known. Mrs. Allison told the story of her afflicted friend, which excited all the sympathy she expected. Emily was permitted to accompany them on their visit of mercy, and there she saw Mrs. Allison in her true and elevated character, like an angel of peace, pouring consolation and hope into a wounded heart. She saw the high and noble aim of her life, meeting its pure reward in the comfort and joy she shed around her footsteps.

The afflicted blessed her, the sick felt the efficient aid of her increasing attentions. After administering all the assistance required by the occasion, Mrs. Allison prepared to pass the night with the distressed friend, while her companions retraced their

steps to their own happier dwelling. Emily retired to her own room in silence. Seated at the open casement, and fixing her eye on the bright blue sky thickly inlaid with its glittering gems, she thought over the events of the last few hours, and searched her heart and its feelings. The words of Mrs. Allison, and her saint-like expression of countenance, had penetrated its deepest recesses; she sighed, and a repentant tear stole down her cheek, when she remembered the strong emotion of mortification which swelled her bosom at the first coarse derision of her unworthy companions.

"I ought to have remembered my resolutions better," said she to herself. "Why did I allow my foolish pride to rise—almost to overpower them, at this first temptation? Did I not promise myself, that if I should ever be placed in such circumstances again, I would be firm to my duty? Did I not solemnly promise myself, that I would not be overcome by the dread of their contempt, or fears of their laughter? I was wrong, very wrong; but I thank my heavenly Father that it was soon over. How much I

should have felt of unavailing regret,—how much I must have lost too, if I had not resisted these unworthy feelings at last."

It was not long after this period, that some circumstances came to the knowledge of the community, which awakened strong suspicions and distrust of Mr. Seymore, and he found himself most uncomfortably situated. Rumors began to circulate through the fashionable circles of the city, respecting their early history and sudden rise of fortune. The arrival of a family from Boston, to whom the whole was known, and who had not that repugnance to speak of the dark side of another's character, for which Mrs. Russel was distinguished, confirmed all the whispered suspicions. They were soon neglected by the fashionable for their vulgarity; despised by the good for their vices, and "cut," as the phrase is, by all simultaneously. It was at this most unfortunate juncture of their lives, that some unsuccessful speculations, added to the boundless extravagance in which they had indulged, was found to have robbed this unhappy family of all their ill-gotten wealth.

It is needless and disgusting to trace the effects of such reverses upon such characters. They had nothing to sustain them under these accumulated misfortunes. Poor, miserable, and despised, they sunk to obscurity with as much celerity as they had risen from it. Mr. Seymore fled from the country to avoid the odium which fixed upon him. His wretched wife became the victim of intemperance, and died a martyr to the poison. Poor Ann, after vainly struggling against it, was obliged to seek in Boston a shelter in the asylum of the poor; all her relatives had been exceedingly indigent, and unable, if willing, to save her from this fate. The neglect of their rich relatives had not served to soften their hearts to pity, and they rather exulted in this downfall of pride.

Emily was exceedingly shocked by these events. Her mind was deeply impressed with such a powerful instance of retributive justice. While she sat musing on this subject, and revolving in her mind the singular course of these two individuals, who, but a short time back had caused her so sore a

conflict,—while she renewed her resolutions and determined to model her own character by that of Mrs. Allison's, and to walk in her steps, and to strive for her spirit, Mrs. Russel entered her room with a flushed face, and her eyes brightened with the joy of her heart.

"I have something here, my dear Emily, that I am sure will rejoice you. It is a letter from Mrs. Allison, inclosing one she has just received from England. I should not have called so confidently upon your sympathy in the happiness of so poor and humble a being, one year since, my child; but you have learned that poverty and "vulgarity" are not always inseparable, and to respect virtue though in the meanest vestments. You deserve, then, to unite in the joy I feel at this moment.

"Oh tell me, what is it, mother? I am sure I shall be delighted, sincerely delighted, in any happiness that reaches Mrs. Allison. I owe her much for the instruction she has given me, and for all I have learned by my intercourse with her in the dwellings of the miserable, and suffering, and sorrowful,

where she has so kindly permitted me to go with her; but tell me what has happened to her, if you please, mother."

"This letter is from the executor of Mr. Allison's youngest brother. This brother has recently died, and has left her twenty thousand pounds! which will be a most ample fortune for her. The letter contains many compliments on Mrs. Allison's scrupulous delicacy, in never making known to her husband's family the extent of her pecuniary embarrassments, which came but by accident to the knowledge of the deceased but a few months previous to his death. Some kind friend, with the hope of obtaining a bequest for this estimable woman, made an effort to interest the old bachelor, the last of Mr. Allison's family, in her favor, it would seem, without the smallest idea but that all the circumstances of her situation were known to him. The good man, as appears from this letter, was much shocked by the information he obtained, and without loss of time made an alteration in his will to provide for her. He expressed great regret that she had so carefully

concealed from his scrutiny so many important circumstances of her situation. Mrs. Allison, as you will see by these few lines, which she has sent me, meets with this happy reverse with the same christian meekness that distinguished her in adversity. It appears to me that her character rises in dignity with every change of fortune. But I will read all to you, and then we will rejoice together. She is confident, she tells me, that she shall have our sympathy in all her feelings at this moment."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Emily, whose heart was full of the most disinterested joy; "but how wonderful it is, mother! I was but this moment thinking of the Seymores, and their wretched fate, and remembering, as if it had happened but yesterday, all that I thought and felt only one year since of them and of Mrs. Allison. What a striking lesson their history affords."

"It is most true, my daughter. It is rarely indeed that we have an opportunity of seeing the just rewards of *virtue* and of *vice* so fully exhibited. This world affords, generally speaking, only the *trials* of virtue; a

future and a better world dispenses its rewards. May the lesson be to you as deeply impressed as it is clearly illustrated, and you will learn in humble imitation of your heavenly Father, to look through the glitter of wealth, and the rust of poverty, to the heart and life, and according to the purity and excellence there discernible, give your respect and your affection; and by this same rule, judge of your own title to the respect and affection of your friends. For such is the test by which we must all be tried, when this world and its allurements have passed away, and we stand before him who sitteth in judgment above."

LIGHT & HORTON,

Printers, Publishers and Booksellers,

1 & 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON,

(Opposite Washington Street)

Keep constantly for sale, together with their own Publications, a general assortment of the most valuable and popular Miscellaneous and other BOOKS.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL APPARATUS of all descriptions, furnished to order, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Orders from Lyceums, School Committees, Teachers and others, respectfully solicited. A variety of STATIONARY constantly on hand.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY LIGHT & HORTON.

THE BOSTON BOOK, a Compilation from Occasional and Periodical Literature. In elegant style. Suitable for a Christmas and New Year's Present. 12mo.

THE PARENT'S PRESENT, edited by the author of Peter Parley's Tales. 16mo.

MEMOIR OF REV. MELVILLE B. COX, Late Missionary to Liberia. Published under the superintendence of his brother, GERSHOM F. COX. With a Portrait. 16mo. Cloth.

THE CARPENTER AND HIS FAMILY; ALSO, PRIDE SUBDUED. By the Author of "The Black Velvet Bracelet," "Annette Warington," "Willson Avory," &c. 18mo.

KEY TO KNOWLEDGE: or Things in Common Use simply and shortly explained. A New Year's Present for Children. By a Mother: Author of "Always Happy," "Claudine," "Nina," &c. From the Ninth London Edition. 18mo.

MEMOIR OF PHILLIS WHEATLEY, a native African and a Slave. By B. B. THATCHER. Adapted to general readers and Sabbath Schools. With a Portrait. 18mo. Cloth.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. By Thomas Paice. First American from the London edition. Being the second of the Series of Books relating to the Colored Race. 18mo. Cloth.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES, and Interesting Facts. Adapted to Sabbath Schools and Families. Selected by the author of a "History of the Temperance Reformation." 18mo. Cloth.

MEMOIR AND POEMS OF PHILLIS WHEATLEY. Dedicated to the friends of the Africans. By a Relative of the Mistress of Phillis. 18mo. Cloth.

PROSE SKETCHES AND POEMS, written in the Western Country. By Albert Pike. 12mo. Cloth.

LIFE OF LAFAYETTE, including an Account of the Memorable Revolution of the Three Days of 1830. 18mo.

MEMOIR OF REV. S. OSGOOD WRIGHT. Late Missionary to Liberia. By B. B. Thatcher. With a Portrait. Second Edition. 18mo. Cloth.

JANE BAILEY, or Recollections of a Home Missionary. 18mo. Cloth.

PERIODICALS.

THE MORAL REFORMER AND TEACHER ON THE HUMAN CONSTITUTION. Intended as a means of diffusing knowledge in regard to the constitution of man, and the connection between health and morals. Published monthly, at $1 a year. Wm. A. Alcott, Editor.

THE MECHANIC, a Journal of the Useful Arts and Sciences. Monthly, at $1 a year. Intended to be of practical use to Mechanics in every branch of their business.

We, the subscribers, consider the "Mechanic, a Journal of the Useful Arts and Sciences," a work highly meritorious and useful to mechanics, and through them to the community at large; and we hope that its publication will be sustained.

Samuel T. Armstrong.
Theodore Lyman.
Daniel Treadwell.

SCIENTIFIC TRACTS. Designed for Instruction and Entertainment, and adapted to Schools, Lyceums and Families. Conducted by Jerome V. C. Smith, M. D. Semi-monthly, at $2 a year.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LI
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamp

DISCHARGE
JAN 10 1983
OCT 29 1982

Form L9–Series 4939

3 1158 00789 7340